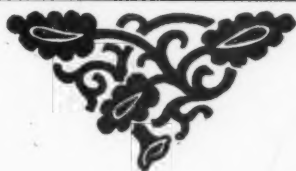


Alexander's Magazine



JANUARY, 1907

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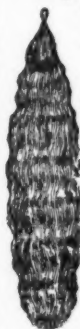
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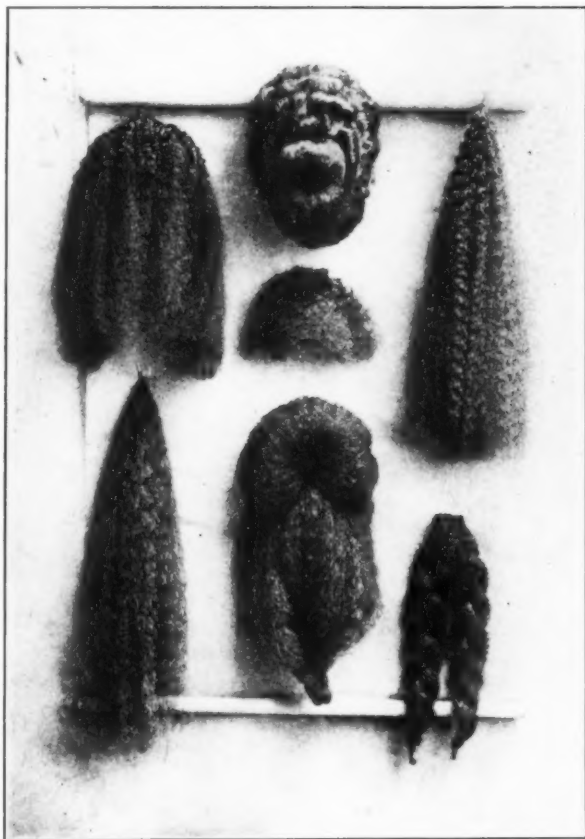
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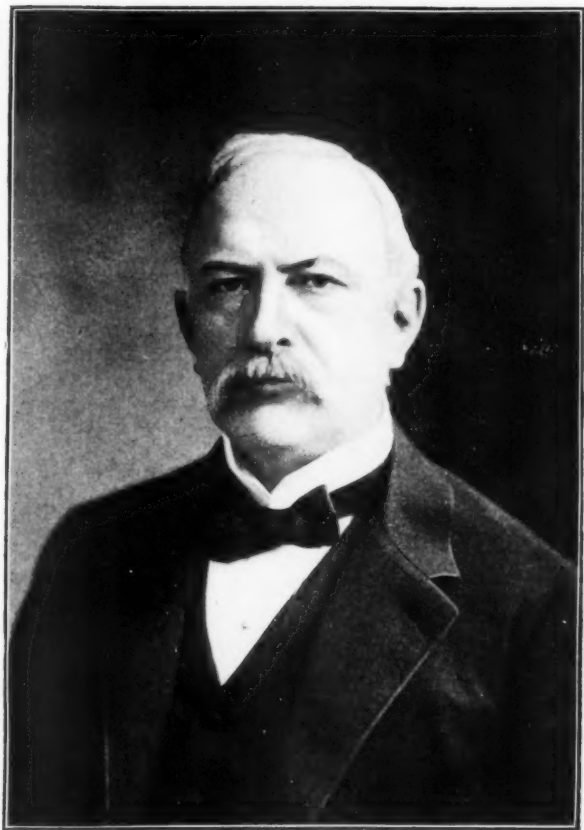


From The Boston Herald.

"There is no autocracy in this country, or autocratic, dictatorial, unrestrained and unrestricted power, no not even in the commander-in-chief of the army. All power is derived from the Constitution."

"These men were charged with murder and conspiracy. Because there was no evidence to sustain the charge, the men were turned out of service. On this point, the Supreme Court has ruled that where crimes cannot be proved, the offenders must go free, no matter how great the offense, or how disastrous the consequences to the country."

"Each individual had a right to the benefit of the 146th regulation of the army—that he should have a board of enquiry, and should have it without asking for it. It was the duty of his superior officers to know of his rights, to advise him of them and to protect him in them. But it was not so. If the President can discharge men because of a state of facts that cause suspicion, he can say, 'I'll dismiss without facts.' He'll tell you, as in fact the Senator from Massachusetts has told you—it is none of your business."—From speech of Senator J. B. Foraker in the United States Senate, January 7th, 1907.



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Devoted to the Spreading of Reliable Information Concerning the Operation of Educational Institutions in the South, the Moral, Intellectual, Commercial and Industrial Improvement of the Negro Race in the United States. Published on the Fifteenth Day of each Month. Entered as Second-Class Matter on May 3, 1905, at the Post Office at Boston Massachusetts, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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714 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

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Vol. 3

JANUARY 15, 1907

No. 3

Editorial Department

Don't Be a Knocker.

Mr. Lawrence A. Eichelberger, an enterprising cigar manufacturer of Boston has issued a unique card for 1907 on the back of which we find the following sermon:

If there is any chance to boom business boom it. Don't pull a long face and look as though you had a sour stomach. Hold up your head, smile and look for better things; hide your little hammer, and try to speak well of others, no matter how small you may know yourself to be. When a stranger drops in, jolly him tell him this is the greatest CIGAR on earth, (and it is.) Don't discourage him by speaking ill of your neighbors, lead him to believe he has at last found a place where white people live.

Help yourself along by becoming popular and push your friends with you, it is very easy. Be a good fellow and soon you'll have a procession of followers. No man ever helped himself by knocking other people down in character and business. No man ever got rich by trying to make others believe he is the only man in town who knew anything.

You can't climb the ladder of success by treading on others' corns.

"Keep off the corns and don't knock."

You're not the only one, there are others, and they have brains, and know something as well as you; there's no end of fun minding your own business, it makes other people admire you. Nobody likes a knocker. Don't be one.

BEREA COLLEGE.

Has it Become a Fraud?

Just as we are going to press we receive two documents bearing upon this question, which has very naturally become a burning one:—

- (1) The Berea Quarterly (report) for the current month, and
- (2) A paper severely criticising President Frost's action, and his attitude toward Negro people from the beginning of his Presidency of the College.

Whether the criticisms are fair or not, whether or not Dr. Frost has been all along working towards the present position, it is impossible to say till he has been heard from. But it is clear from the report itself that the College, which was meant by the founders and supporters from the beginning to be as much for Negro young people

as for white, has become exclusively white, and that the Trustees and Dr. Frost have devoted the whole of the resources of the college to the benefit of their white pupils, and are now making an appeal to the aforesaid supporters and the public generally for means to start an altogether separate department for Negroes.

No doubt the duty of the Faculty and Trustees may have been changed by "the intensity of unreason among (their) neighbors" but surely that does not justify their robbing Peter of his share and paying Paul with the proceeds of the robbery, and then appealing to the people who supplied Peter's share to find him another and leave Paul and his abettors patting their feet!

KIND OF WORK THAT TELLS.

Under the title "A Great Negro Enterprise" the Boston Journal in a recent editorial, had the following to say concerning the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty company of New York City:

One of the most convincing proofs that Negroes of character and ability can succeed in the world and can show themselves to be men of affairs in a large sense, is found in the striking success of what is known as the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty company. This million dollar concern, with nearly 6000 Negro stockholders all over the United States, has recently decided to invade New York in earnest, and has purchased a building at Forty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, in which it will conduct a bank and a large department store, beginning early next year. White persons will naturally not be tabooed as customers, but its working force will be entirely made up of colored men and women, and upward of 1200 will be given employment in the institution. This will be the first enterprise of the sort ever started on a large scale north of Mason and Dixon's line, although the company is operating a small store at Plainfield, N. J. as well as in Baltimore and Savannah.

This highly successful corporation is very peculiar, in that it is not only

a business proposition, but has philanthropic and sociological features. It employs only those of its own race, and it seeks in every way to elevate and educate in a business sense the men and women who work for it, and who are its stockholders. It operates the Mercy Hospital at Philadelphia; has two large tracts of land at Plainfield and Orange, N. J., where more than eighty homes for stockholders have been built and sold on the installment plan; owns two hotels and now employs more than 500 colored persons.

It is by just such methods as these that the Negroes in this country will be taught the value of thrift, business sense and good character. There is nothing that so puts dignity into a man, be he white or black, as the possession of property. The charge of shiftlessness against the colored race has been all too well founded, and there is still vast room for improvement. It is this opportunity for good that makes such concerns as the Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty company especially desirable in this country, and it is to be hoped that its New York venture will grow and thrive.

PROGRESS OF NEGRO JOURNALS.

There is every indication that Afro-American journalism is fast passing out the realm of an experiment. There are a number of Afro-American newspapers these days which compare favorably with the white newspapers. There was a time when you could pick up an Afro-American paper and read all that was worth reading in ten minutes by the watch and there need be no hurry about it in that time, but now that thing is largely of the past, and a number of exchanges come to this office which are well worth reading. And the matter is well selected and the mechanical make-up equal to most of the daily papers. They have even risen to the dignity of cartoons, as was noted in the last week's issue of the Boston Guardian, the New York Age and The Indianapolis Freeman, and what is more, they were by colored artists. We are coming. And now we are to have a daily newspaper

in Philadelphia. The Hon. Chris. J. Perry, that veteran of newspaper journalism, is to bring it out in the near future. That it will be a success there is no doubt, for if there is any man who can make journalism a success it is the redoubtable "Chris." May it be a success and a power for good for the Negro.—Baltimore Afro-American Ledger.

To the Race:

"Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

Rev. J. H. Grant is conducting at Memphis, Tenn., a shoe store on one of the leading streets of that city. He is well patronized and is making great progress.

FUTURE OF LIBERIA.

Sir Henry Johnston, who has recently returned to England on the conclusion of a journey to Liberia, during which he visited the whole of the coast line and made several expeditions into the interior, is very hopeful of the future of that country, which has made great progress since he last saw it, about twenty years back. The Liberian government has so encouraged the use of English among the natives that there is scarcely any important tribe or chief that has not several individuals able to speak intelligible English, and therefore act as interpreters. The natives are well disposed and travelers have no difficulty in dealing with them. The country is one great rubber-producing forest. Coffee grows wild, and it is also being extensively cultivated by the Americo-Liberians. The forests also contain many valuable timbers, dye woods, and drugs, while the oil palm is exceedingly abundant. In the interior of the country Ivory is plentiful,

for there are many elephants. Cacao is being increasingly planted, and, like cotton, thrives remarkably well. There are indications of the presence of gold in the country, and a 10-carat diamond is alleged to have been discovered there. The existence of iron ore in much of the country along the seaboard is undoubted, and the natives work it to a considerable extent. The climate of Liberia is much pleasanter than that of the regions north and south of it; it is much healthier, and there is a remarkable absence of insect pests.

[Note: We would like to open correspondence with young Negro men of education and training in the mechanic arts and scientific agriculture and who have sufficient means of self-support for 1 year who would like to cast their lot in Liberia.—Editor.]

The following rhyme (author unknown) was placed in a barrel of old shoes sent to the Laing School. The Laing School Visitor says, "Please send the old shoes along; very good work is being done in the cobbling shop."

OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, each a soul may lose.
Both have been tanned; both are made tight

By cobblers,—both get left and right.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold;
And both, in time, turn all to mold.
With shoes the last is first, with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out, they're mended new;

When men wear out, they're men-dead too.

They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out.—Now would you choose

To be a man, or be his shoes?

—Friends Intelligencer.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

The right time to turn over a new leaf is when you discover a weak spot in your method or your character. To be right is of great importance; when you find that you are not right, you owe it to yourself to turn over a new leaf and get busy trying to get right.

CONSTRUCTIVE WORK.

Rev. Matthew Anderson, D. D., pastor of the Berean Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, Pa., and principal of the Berean Manual Training and Industrial School, completed on the 14th of October last, twenty-seven years of continuous labor in one church.

Dr. Anderson raised money for the purchase of a lot and the erection of the church and parsonage. On the 14th of May, 1891, the church was entirely paid off, and on the 14th of May, 1901, the parsonage was clear of all indebtedness.

Dr. Anderson, being a strong believer that the mission of the church is to assist its members not only along moral and religious lines, but along the so-called secular lines as well, organized immediately on entering the new church the Berean Kindergarten, which is still in existence and in a most flourishing condition.

On the 12th of February, 1888, Dr. Anderson organized the Berean Building and Loan Association, which has been instrumental in securing for the colored people since that time one hundred and sixty homes in the city of Philadelphia, with an average valuation of \$1600, and an aggregate of \$256,000. The present assets of the association are \$130,000; its present membership is over six hundred.

In June, 1894, there was opened at Point Pleasant, N. J., the Berean Seaside Home, which has for its object the accommodation of teachers, ministers, and business men, as well as other faithful workers of the race, where they can get board at a reasonable rate, surrounded with all the comforts of a well-regulated house.

In 1897 there was organized the Berean Bureau of Mutual Help, which has for its object the securing of re-

liable help in families. This is not an employment office, as such, but what its name signifies, namely, a Bureau of Mutual Help, to both the servant and employer, though no charge is made to either party.

On the 6th of November, 1899, there was founded the Berean Manual Training and Industrial School. The primary object of the school was to give such instruction to colored young men and women as would best fit them for life.

The school opened its doors for the admission of scholars on the first of February, 1900, with thirty-five pupils. Its enrollment for the year ending June, 1906, including the kindergarten school, was three hundred. In addition to an English course, including typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping, classes are taught in such trades as the pupils can put immediately into practical use, such as carpentry, upholstery, millinery, plain sewing, dress-making, shirtwaist-making, ladies' tailoring, men's tailoring, cooking, and waiting and applied electricity. Until this fall the school was held in the basement and side rooms of the Berean Presbyterian church. The management having succeeded in purchasing three large dwellings, Nos. 1926, 1928, and 1930, adjacent to the church property on South College avenue, with a frontage of seventy-two feet and a depth of one hundred and fifteen feet, and having made suitable alterations in one of the dwellings, No. 1926, the school now occupies this dwelling.

TITLES BASED ON MERIT.

Bishop Henry McNeil Turner of the African Methodist Episcopal Church has assigned to each preacher bearing a scholastic title in his Episcopal district, a subject for a thesis. The subjects given out by the bishop, involve a knowledge of various phases of astronomy, geology, physics, archeology and other branches of science and theology. The object in view is to test the scholarship of the preachers and to ascertain to what extent they merit the titles which they often append to their names, such as B.D., D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., A.B., and A.M. We have re-

ceived letters at this office from ministers in obscure villages of the South who have employed on their printed letterheads, the whole list of these titles and yet the composition, the penmanship itself, and the spelling in such letters convinced us that the individual had received but little academic training and certainly not sufficient to warrant the least of these titles.

Bishop Turner knows that a large number of preachers of various denominations assume certain titles because they think that these titles give them a corresponding standing and influence in the community. Again, some of these preachers are able to induce certain theological schools and colleges to confer upon them degrees in consideration of a certain number of dollars. These preachers have no knowledge of Hebrew, Greek or Latin and have no idea what a title implies. Their talks which they call sermons, display no knowledge of systematic theology, logic, psychology, or learning of any sort, and we believe that the Bishop is performing a laudable task in demanding that these men acquire titles on the merit system. A man who bears the title of D.D., should be able to enter any pulpit and do credit to the cloth and be able to define his theological position by sincere and logical argument, couched in good, clear, direct language. Bishop Turner during his lifetime has suggested and accomplished many good things for the Negro race and we pronounce this last effort one of grave importance to the future of the Negro ministry.

THE NEW YORK OUTLOOK.

The Outlook, edited by Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, contains an editorial in its issue of December 29th, under the heading "False Counselors," in which it gives credit to Alexander's Magazine for having printed a collection of extracts from Negro newspapers, commenting on the Brownsville, Texas affair. The Outlook condemns the attitude of the Negro Press and regards all that has been said by Negro editors as false counsel, because it believes in the accusation that the Negro race will stand solidly behind

every member of the race in any issue that may arise between him and society. This position of the Outlook, is in our opinion, unworthy of the splendid reputation for liberality and good judgment which this journal has made in the years gone by. For the Outlook's information, we would say that during the past two months we have read closely 300 Negro newspapers and we find that the same diversity of opinions exist among Negro editors that characterize white editors. Indeed, there is more freedom of discussion among the Negroes touching their own problems than may be discovered among white people. And again, there is not a single element of Negroes in the country who will stand solidly and unitedly behind another Negro whether he is guilty or not guilty of misdemeanor or crime.

The Outlook has not summed up correctly the situation as it relates to the Negro race and judging from some of its more recent utterances, it is not capable of doing so. We wonder if the Outlook will credit the report of Mr. Joseph Smith of Lowell, Mass., who is esteemed by men and women throughout Massachusetts for his fair-mindedness and impartiality in dealing with all social and political problems.

We reprint from the Herald Mr. Smith's article for the benefit of those who are still skeptical as to the real status of the Negro soldier in the regular army.

RACE FAULTS.

The majority of people North and South are sensible, decent, self-respecting, progressive and peaceful. If this were not true, the United States would be an unsafe place for civilized man to live in. But as it is the fashion for some people to continually parade the faults and imperfections of the Negro with a view to intensifying race hatred, we think it wise to present a few statements from the editor of "Tomorrow," a magazine published in Chicago by white people, showing that the white race is not a perfect race. Speaking of the race question, the editor has the following to say:

The situation is about this in the

United States, viz., 70,000,000 ignorant white people who do not average three percent of what should constitute human intelligence, most of whom are inclined to believe that the civilization we have reached is the non plus ultra, the end, the limit of perfection, notwithstanding the fact that we spend every year for liquor, tobacco and trash ten times as much as in the entire cause of education, with 270,000 of our people languishing in jails, ten percent of our population owning ninety percent of all the property in the country, 20,000,000 of our population facing poverty and want each day, and in Chicago alone 20,000 prostitutes plying their trade, 24,000 deserted wives earning their own living, and an average of 100,000 adulteries a week and 40,000 abortions a year.

The country also contains approximately 10,000,000 Negroes of more or less African descent whose ancestors were brought from the Dark Continent without their consent in slave ships, and placed in our American homes; a plan which would have been one of the greatest missionary enterprises the world has ever known, providing the intelligence, fairness and democracy of those homes were fit places in which to rear and educate a primitive people—which they were not.

Had Americans really become the intelligent, civilized and kindly disposed race they have cracked themselves up to be, the gratuitous bringing over of these primitive people without forcing them to pay for transportation, might certainly be chronicled as one of the grandest episodes in history, a brilliant achievement of humanitarianism as taught by Jesus; but no, they were brought here for the express purpose of being enslaved, debased, defrauded and their wives and daughters debauched and that is what has actually taken place.

Was there ever before such an outrage on common decency and common sense as the present crusade against the blacks in the face of the fact that the ignorant whites of the South have made of the Negroes just what they are? Granted that it is true that much oppression and humiliation have actually been factors in cleaning the

souls of the blacks, this part of his education was by indirection and the self-satisfied white surely can expect no credit for this.

It will be remembered in anti-bellum days, how public speakers came north to harangue our audience in order to create favorable impressions for the slaveholding class, and to those who understand, this was the beginning of the end.

It is true, chattel slavery is abolished, it is true that auction on the block no longer takes place in any state, but it is not true that the blacks in the South are free. They are no more free now than when the four-decked ships of Liverpool were still engaged in landing their cargoes at southern ports and the question arises, are 10,000,000 self-conscious black people going to continue to permit themselves to be robbed, swindled, bulldozed and browbeaten out of their franchise, and are thirty or forty millions of northern whites going to stand by and observe this flagrant menace to their own rights thrown to the winds, while falsification, bribery and oppression stalk abroad in precise attire, and with the hearts of devils in them declare that black men have no rights that we need respect?

It is time to say plainly that in addition to 10,000,000 blacks of the South there are 40, and perhaps 50 million whites of the North who, once aroused will not permit our dearly bought and cherished principles of our civilization to be over-ridden by an organization of southern bullies. Ben Tillman in his Chicago speech declared that there will be another race war in America, but it will be one of short shrift. It will be one that will clear out Jim Crow cars forever. It will be one that will bring down upon the southern hoodlum elements a pressure so profound and tremendous, composed of persons one-tenth black and nine-tenths northern white, that will force these despoilers and traducers of the African race into honor and decency for which they are in no way prepared.

There is but one kind of freedom, not two, as Ben Tillman and Hoke Smith seem to imagine. There is but one kind of democracy, not two, and

no well poised man who has no desire to live upon the labor of others, no one fit to be a citizen of the United States providentially through the influence of free thinkers, Jefferson, Paine and Franklin, founded on the principles of democracy and equality, will ever be disturbed by any pretensions which the African or any other race may make toward supremacy in America.

IMPORTANT FACTORS.

Intelligence, Industry, Self-denial, Thrift, Enthusiasm, Honesty, Patience, and Sobriety are the important factors in the solution of life's problems.

MODERN BICYCLES.

Advantages of the Folding, Family Bicycle.

All cyclists of moderate experience can testify to the risks and annoyances that are undergone in expressing a bicycle. Those who are accustomed to take their "bikes" with them on summer outings to distant points know that feeling of uncertainty with which they examine their beloved wheel after it has been bumped about in a baggage car for several hundred miles and has been in other ways exposed to the none too tender mercies of the "baggage smasher." To these riders and to all others, in fact, the new folding, family bicycle invented and now being manufactured by L. S. Kallajian, an Armenian machinist, living in Boston, will appeal as the answer to an oft debated question. Think of a bicycle that can be neatly and compactly packed in a handbag-like receptacle and carried or checked with no more trouble than in handling an ordinary suit case. The feature of this bicycle is its frame, which, instead of being made in one piece, consists of seven straight pieces of tubing so fashioned at the ends with clamps that it is impossible for them to be set up wrong, or to become loose after being put together anyone can put the machine together, so simple is its construction. This folding bicycle might be called a family conveyance, for it may be arranged to accommodate men or women without changing its standard of design, a simple re-

versal of the top bar, with an additional clamp, being all that is required. In packing it is not necessary to dismember the entire machine; only remove the hanger, fold the rear bars over the frame and place the wheels side by side in the satchel which is the size of the wheel and can be carried by hand. This illustration gives a clear idea of the appearance of the folded machine and also shows it made up for either man or woman. This bicycle has been found to be of inestimable convenience to travelers and tourists. As an army bicycle and for export trade, it is said to be superior to anything yet devised; its rate for trans-



portation is cheaper and in case any part breaks, a substitution can be made without the aid of a mechanic. The inventor claims that this machine is 50 percent stronger than the old-fashioned wheels, because of the methods of its manufacture and construction. Mr. Kallajian has worked in many of the leading bicycle factories of this country and, since 1894, has been allowed five different patents on bicycles. An extension handle bar and a new

seat post support are the latest inventions of this ingenious mechanic. The bar is adjustable for many different positions, for drop or long-reach forward extension. The new seat post support consists simply of an adjustable upright post that fits between the bottom of the saddle and the frame. It prevents the seat from bending or breaking and adds considerably to the appearance of the bicycle. The Kallajian company also manufacture a triple cycle bicycle, and conduct an extensive and perfectly equipped repair establishment at 882 Harrison avenue, Boston, Mass. Correspondence is solicited.

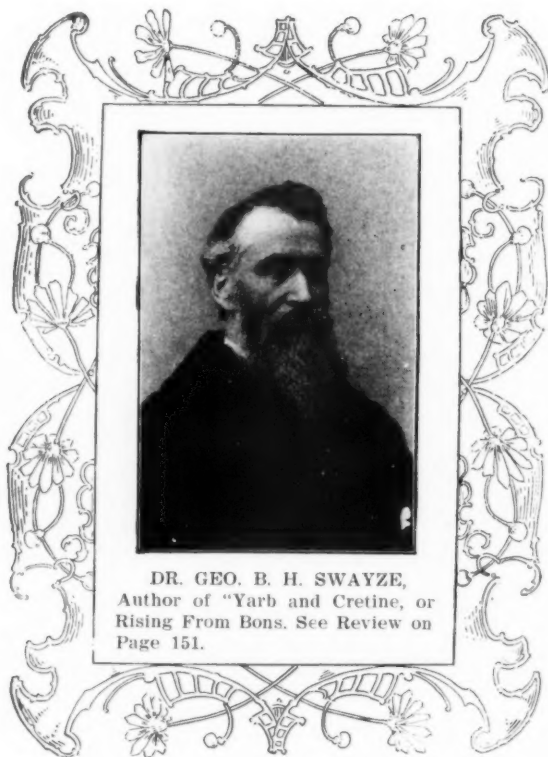
THE SABBATH DAY.

Smiling plenty o'er our land,
With nations all at peace,
Is Heaven's gentle, kind command:
One day from labor cease.

Blinded by grasping, godless creed—
Righteousness fast asleep,
Betokens mankind's urgent need,
The Sabbath Day to keep.

From out the dim Puritan past,
Return sweet reverence
Of Sabbath Day, divinely cast—
Day of deliverance.

—RALPH W. TYLER.



DR. GEO. B. H. SWAYZE,
Author of "Yarb and Cretine, or
Rising From Bons. See Review on
Page 151.

BALAN AND MERLIN.

I.

Balan—

The wind was east and muddy was
the street,

All Nature seemed to thwart the
atom, man,

Cold was the rain and mingled well
with sleet,

The men I sought had gone ere day
began.

The rest were cross, as men are in
the rain,

And so I sat in meditation long,
Upon perversity and perverse pain,

On human nature and on Nature's
wrong.

Chagrin sat on my face amid my
scowls,

At thought of my flat failure for the
day,

Day tempered for the bats and hoot-
ing owls,

What would my clients of my fail-
ure say?

I so absorbed, observed not other men,
Who thronged and hurried thwart
the marble floor,

Or quiet sat, or rose and sat again,
Scheming their varied plans or trou-
bles o'er,

And then I looked, and wondered if
like me,

There was one other in that human
sea.

II.

For what, I wondered, do they strug-
gle now,

Fuming and pluming as they come
and go,

Absurd they seemed, caressing one
his brow,

They all would fail in life's fleet ebb
and flow.

Nature will win however well they
play,

Already one there, hath his final
blow,

One with stout neck that o'er his col-
lar lay,

A vein will break and in his left
brain flow.

A young swell there in a reception
suit,

Thinks he will open this world's
well shut shell,

The millionaire will die as dies the
brute,

Unhappy I felt all this world was
hell.

Just then I spied a pink-skinned stout
old man,

His shining head was bald, his face
content,

Ruddy and rubicund sat life's long
span,

A smile oft o'er his lips swift came
and went,

But my lip curled at his so happy
mood,

I deemed him fool by bliss so lightly
wooded.

III.

Then drew I to this neighbor nearer
by,

To ask the reason of his happy
mind;

Mine met in his a pleasant piercing
eye,

At which my own was wavering or
blind.

How did I know him happy? then he
said,

"For so indeed I am as you sur-
mise,"

His silk kerchief re-polished his bald
head,

A twinkle played upon his piercing
eyes.

Your looks and movements showed a
shower of joy

Was raining richly in your sunny
soul,

Your absent mind smiled like a love-
sick boy,

Unconscious laughter o'er your lips
would roll.

"But if you want to hear it all, I'll try
To tell the tale, the secret to re-
veal,

And you shall see the happy reason
why,

The signs of pleasure o'er my fea-

tures steal,"
Well, that I wish and gladly will I
wait,
While you the story of your life re-
late.

IV.

Merlin—
Well, when a boy my humble parents
died,

And I set out to seek a city's mool,
No trunk to pack, and barefoot o'er
the wide,

I packed myself on toward the town
to toll.

Onward I walked till night of morn-
ing told,

And streaked with light I saw the
yet gray east,

'Then 'neath a hay-cock tired and sad
and cold,

I sought that rest denied not to the
beast.

The universe looked large to me that
night,

Empty, unhomelike did it seem to
me,

I like a fly upon its face would light,
A great and pale dead face, it
seemed to be.

I shudder yet in memory of the
thought,

But slept I there until the nearing
noon,

Stiff, hungry, cold and scared I woke
and wrought.

My memory new with thorns, my
sorrow's boon,

I wished I had not come, then shut
my teeth,

Then moral virtue for my brow a
wreath.

V.

Then to the road again I onward
went,

Until I found a farm-house by the
way,

And thought to ask for food, my
strength well spent.

My heart though failed me ere a
word would say.

Such little cusses lose heart easy,
stranger,

You have to feel with, ere you feel
for, them.

I passed the door, though in it lay
not danger,

Then gazing back my timor to con-
temn.

A barefoot girl there in the garden
stood,

Looking at me and strangely our
eyes met,

Electric sparks flashed in me ere I
would,

Have woman's eyes ere flashed in
you so yet?

"Yes," I thought so. Well, she smiled
and smiled, I,

My wretchedness was instantly for-
got,

I climbed the fence and toward her
straight did hie,

She gathering roses from the gar-
den lot.

We gazed a moment, on each other
smiling,

Something our hearts must thus have
been beguiling.

VI.

"Do you live here," said; she said,
"I do."

And would your mother, think you,
give me bread?

"Why? Are you hungry?" Awful hun-
gry, too,

You should have seen her face, how
quick she read!

She not as old as I, saw through the
case,

As women will, no wall would them
prevent,

Though sometimes see they not
through glass, a face,

One which—they not preferring—
past it went.

"We'll see." And straight into the
kitchen led,

"Can he have bread and butter with
some sweet?"

I did not ask for anything but bread.
The mother sweetly smiled her girl
to greet.

"Who are you? and how good? Do
you love God?"

And say your prayers?" said she. I
hung my head,
I touched my ankle with my toe, toil
trod,
"You should." And then away with
queenly tread,
Four richly laden slices, quickly
brought,
So good a meal man's money never
bought.

VII.

I ate them like a wolf. Lord, they
were good.
I've never tasted any like them
since.
"Poor dear," she said, and kiss my
brow she would,
Kisses that left upon my face their
prints.

Then I broke down and cried, when I
could look,
Two tears stood on the sweet girl's
tender cheeks.
The husband came at noon. My tale
not with him took,
I know he doubts, though not un-
kindly speaks.

He more of life of course had some-
time seen,
The more some see the less they
seem to know.
The dinner past, I helped as well I
ween,
The dishes done, we to the garden
go.

That afternoon I never shall forget,
It seemed forever, yet not seemed a
minute,
We hunted eggs, we gathered flowers,
yet
Was time left for the playhouse, went
we in it.
She served me elder berries in
cracked dishes,
O happy hour 'mid childhood's ways
and wishes!

VIII.

I heard the meadow lark, as oft be-
fore,
When we had started for the house
again.
But somehow that one made me trem-
ble o'er,

Though I remembered now no more
my pain.

What think you that it was? There
may be times
When strings within are mightily
high-keyed,
The hand that touches them elicits
thymes,
Sweeter than rises from the organ's
reed.

And ever since, when hear I a lark
sing,
I'm in the meadow and that girl be-
side me,
What think you there I did? O I
did fling
My arms round her and kissed, nor
did she chide me.

While listening to that lark, to Na-
ture yielded,
I know it is not safe, but then I did
it,
And honestly can't wish she had been
shielded,
I honestly can't wish that she had
chid it.
'Twas in a moment when we stood
there listening,
Each other's eyes into each other's
glistening.

IX.

Then into space the old man, Balan,
gazed,
From a great distance seemed he
to return.
He said, I staid all night, the morn
was hazed.
The man thought I, not very much
could earn.

And so he bade me better be a-going,
Although not bad and though his
wife would keep me,
For women are more kind in bliss be-
stowing.
And when I went the woman, kind
did weep me.

I shook hands sadly with the little
girl,
And choked when trying very hard
to speak,
But best I could I went, and left my
pearl,

My heart so like a lump of lead, was
weak.

Not far I went before I heard some
feet

Make music as they hastened o'er
the sand.

What do you think? It was that girl
that beat

The dust, and bore a bundle in her
hand,

"I thought you might get hungry,"
she just said,

May be I would, said I, my grief half
fled.

X.

"Good-bye," said she, then reaching
out her hand,

Goodbye, I said, still holding her a
minute,

I would have kissed her and can't under-
stand,

How I was scared, and trembling
could not win it.

I always thought that she felt disap-
pointed,

Two rose buds were her lovely
weeping lips,

And when I dropped her hand with
tears anointed—

A tear o'er either eyelid lightly
trips.

She went, I could have killed me for
a coward,

And let me say, I feel the same way
now.

She slowly walked towards home and
my eyes lowered,

A boy as I, must need to fate thus
bow.

I struck Chicago hurrying then for
gain,

And hoped to hasten back, make
her my bride.

When but one thousand there I did
obtain,

I started back to find my prize, my
pride.

Back on my trail I tracked, but she
had flown.

Her father dead, the twain had fled
alone.

XI.

They left no track more than a bird
that flies.

It had long taken me that much to
gain,

Now sorrow sought new shelter in
mine eyes,

The blow brought newly back my
mighty pain.

But after time I met another love,
I made a home and my own family

reared,

But while in wealth, my heart within
me strove,

Lest that poor girl were wretched
as I feared.

This morning I was walking round
the city,

And suddenly an auction flag I saw,
Such always moves me and awakes

my pity,

I 'neath it see the hammer of the
law.

A woman weeping sat there by the
door;

And I drew nigh to seek out her
distress;

Her face once lovely—humble garb
she wore;

What sorrow, friend? "Sold out
without redress."

What can I do for you? "Naught,"
she replied.

"Our place was mortgaged, and my
husband died."

XII.

"The goods, I sell the funeral fees to
pay,

The home goes on the mortgage
debt we owed,

My husband long an invalid here lay,
There is no hand to shield me from

the goad."

When came you here? "Some twenty
years ago."

And whither from? "From Dan-
ville," she replied.

Where were you born? "At Freeman-
town below."

And on a farm? "Yes, on a farm,"
she sighed.

And on the Pennock road? "Yes, it was there."

Was your name Bruce? "It was," she in surprise.

Now, stranger, two and seventy years I wear,

Yet leaped I then that fence before her eyes.

"Wast it that little girl?" then Balan asked him o'er,

'Twas she. "What did you do " He asked again.

I bought the goods and made them hers once more.

Re-bought her home—five thousand placed for gain.

If more she needs, yet more for her shall wait,

Hence happy I, though evening star rise late.

New Salem, Mass

Seven First Principles of the Race-Problem

By Henry William Rankin.

[Note: The following paper will be printed in three instalments, and is intended to supplement that by Thomas Nelson Baker, published in this magazine in September and October, 1906. With the general position expressed in Mr. Baker's article the present writer, who is not a Negro, cordially agrees; and besides adding some confirmation on historical, philosophical and Scriptural grounds, he would carry the discussion somewhat beyond the point where Mr. Baker leaves it, to indicate some other general principles involved in the race-problem.]

INTRODUCTION.

Mr. Baker's discussion of Ideals is highly suggestive, and will reward repeated reading. He has studied philosophy to good purpose, and is here applying its teachings to immediate exigencies and pressing needs, involving the most important interests of two races and a great nation. He has also studied history to good purpose, and knows what these exigencies are. He is exceptionally well versed in the historical relations of the black race to this continent.

Moreover, he has studied history first and philosophy afterwards, facts first and theories afterwards, as any man should do who would get things straight, and not fly before he first has learned to walk. Furthermore, Mr. Baker writes from a considerable and unusual personal experience, which makes the foundation for all his studies, and gives no little weight to his convictions.

His ethical position is sound beyond all question, and very effectively is it stated. His large quotations from standard works do not conceal the originality of his own thought. "To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre," Coleridge says, "You need only translate it into action. But to do this you must have reflected on its truth." Mr. Baker has done these things. He has deeply reflected on the golden rule, he has translated it into action; and now in this discussion he restores its uncommon lustre. The ethical ideal that he holds up to view is his own personal ideal, ardently followed. But

it is also the absolute ideal for all men and times and worlds. It can never be changed to suit the infirmities or the wishes of any man or race. For black man and white man, yellow and red man, the golden rule is one, immutable, inevitable, eternal; binding upon all men, but kept in its integrity by none, save through the grace of God bringing salvation (Titus 2:11.). It is the all comprehensive rule of rectitude, solving the moral equation between man and man. When once the world has learned to observe this rule then indeed,

"Man to man, the world o'er,

We'll brothers be, and a' that'!"

(Burns.)

This is the first of all first principles, not only in the race-problem, but in every problem that concerns the social, political and moral relations of men. The seven principles, however, to be considered by the present writer, after some preliminary matter, are more peculiar to the race-problem.

In passing from the ethical to the aesthetical ideal, and to that particular physical application towards which his whole discussion moves, Mr. Baker finds a natural transition of his theme in what may be tropically termed the aesthetic feature of ethics, or the beauty of the moral ideal. And here he makes some striking remarks, showing how impossible it is to dissociate from the moral ideal our highest conception of beauty. That there is an absolute beauty as well as an absolute goodness and an absolute truth, is the teaching alike of Plato and Dante, Michael Angelo and Shakespeare, Wordsworth and Emerson, and of the Bible above all. In this doctrine, either expressly or by implication, great poets, artists,

philosophers, prophets and apostles unite. "O thou Beauty of Ancient Days, too late I loved thee!"—was the cry of Augustine's penitent adoration.

In Christian and Platonic philosophy alike the rational ideal of truth, the moral ideal of goodness, the aesthetic ideal of beauty, unite in the religious ideal of absolute reality that we name God. And according to an old tradition that we do not willingly forsake: "In the image of God created he man." The Hebrew prophets and apostles believed that this was true historically at the beginning; that through voluntary disobedience the divine image in man became defaced; that through an experimental knowledge of God's grace, and especially as revealed in Christ, the inward man may again become renewed in the image of him that created him; (Col. 3:10.), and finally, that when we see Christ as he is, we shall be like him both within and without. (I John, 3:2.). There is a modern teaching which refuses to accept the Hebrew conception of the historical past, but which concedes that, at least potentially, and with regard to the divine purpose, man may still be viewed as created in the divine image. Without entering into the debate involved in these different points of view we may continue the consideration of a few other matters suggested by Mr. Baker's words.

The standard idea of beauty, he tells us rightly, will always have in it something moral; and from the premises of his own philosophy he might have added that the absolute beauty, though now hid from earthly eyes, is not only moral, but also has an outward expression of absolute goodness in that being who is the brightness of God's glory, and the ex-

press image of his person, (Heb. 1:3), whom, having not seen, we may love, and in whom, though now we see him not, yet believing, we may rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory; (I Pe. 1:8); who also shall change the bodies of our humiliation that they may be fashioned like the body of his glory, according to the energy whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. (Phil. 3:21).

But the principal aim and burden of Mr. Baker's message concern the aesthetical ideal, not in respect of its absolute standard, but in respect of that relative standard which the Negro as a Negro should maintain for his natural life in this world. And here he develops a teaching of the utmost practical importance to the welfare of both black race and white; yet one which may be more easily misconstrued than his words about the ideal of morals. To some readers it may seem at first at little paradoxical; but, rightly understood, it surely deserves to be widely pondered, inculcated and applied. He passes from a moral to a physical standard, from an ideal equally binding upon all men in all conduct to an ideal which has chiefly to do with one relation in life, that of marriage, and with other relations only as affected by this one. From a standard that is eternal he passes to the consideration of a temporal standard, and from one that is universal to a proximate standard, in order to deal with what, under given conditions, is most fitting, proper and becoming in the nature of things. To the obvious nature of things, the natural, unperverted instincts of mankind, and the nobler aspirations of the Negro his appeal is made. Its purport is the strict preservation of racial integrity on the part of blacks and whites, as conducive not only to

all the best interests of each race, but also, as included in these, to their physical and aesthetic interests. Only so can "each race develop its own peculiar racial gifts, and thus enrich the life of man on earth." Any course that is opposed to this appears to him unnatural, unsuitable, unfit in the nature of things; and for this reason, if no other, wholly unbecoming and undesirable in its results.

That sexual connection between blacks and whites should ever obtain, whether by coercion or consent, Mr. Baker regards as only a calamity to both races; and surely it cannot be doubted that in this conviction the vast majority of right-minded persons of either race in this country would agree. However difficult it may be precisely to formulate the reason why even legal marriages between blacks and whites should be deprecated, if not also interdicted, as something contrary to nature and unseemly, the instinct which condemns it as a perverse mixture of races that are fundamentally distinct, seems to be a right and normal instinct, safeguarding in many ways the best interests of all concerned. The race-problem is hard enough to solve in the present state of human nature, and so far as possible its complications need to be reduced. But nothing so much aggravates these complications as the relation in question, for the original provocation of which the Negro confessedly is the least to blame. There are countries, such as Venezuela, in which there prevails an unlimited interblending of three races so different from each other, as the white, the Negro and the indigenous red Indian; and this is accompanied with moral and social consequences that strongly vindicate the instinct which for-

bids this practice. It is, of course, well known, that no race exists entirely unmixed. The most homogeneous races in the world, like the Chinese and the Jews, are yet to some extent composite races. The English race is a highly complex breed, and is commonly viewed as all the better for this fact; while here in the United States the converging immigration from all countries is producing an ethnical amalgam more complicated still. But a careful comparison will show how circumstances alter cases.

Even though we suppose that all mankind was originally one family or tribe, yet plainly the divergences from this one stock, the variation of species that has occurred, have in the process of time become very strongly marked. And it may be seen that while the union of races more nearly allied has often proved beneficial yet a union of those more radically distinct has in general been detrimental to their welfare. The most unique instance in all history of racial integrity preserved from ancient times under adverse conditions, is that of the Jews. Owing to social and other disabilities which the Jews have commonly endured, because of their persistent segregation as a race while dwelling in all lands, many of their own people have urged the abandonment of all the barriers that mark them as a separate race. But no such policy has been pursued or favored by this people at large.

In all quarters of the globe they retain, in good measure, to this hour, their ancient traditions and self-identity; and should a favoring Providence restore them, as may happen any day, to the full possession of their ancient land, they would be ready to take possession as a proper

nation still, with the most cosmopolitan training and experience that any nation in the world can boast.*

The national coherence of the Chinese from the days of Abraham to our own is a phenomenon without parallel in history, and the persistent self-identity of this race under all vicissitudes has been preserved to an extraordinary degree. The Chinese have indeed assimilated a considerable foreign element, chiefly from various Tartar tribes, by whom from time to time they have been overrun. They have also assimilated much of an aboriginal population into their own, while a portion of this continues still distinct. But the physical difference of the Chinese proper from the races thus absorbed has been no greater than that of the several racial factors which have made up the English people; and at this time no race in the world is more homogeneous than the Chinese. A few years hence, when renovated like Japan, though on a vastly larger scale, the new China will be found to rank among the greatest modern nations.

Nothing could be more disastrous to the future prospects of either the Chinese or the Jews than to lose their racial identity, which, in both cases, has endured four thousand years at least, in a general amalgamation with any other race, however superior in

*On the problem of the Jewish race see a volume of rare interest called "The Jews; or Prediction and Fulfilment. An Argument for the Times." By Samuel H. Kellogg, D. D., New York. A. D. F. Randolph, 1883. New edition with Appendix, 1887.

its own opinion, or in common report, that other race may be deemed.*

So also it may be claimed on several cogent grounds that all the best aspirations of the Negroes as a race are bound up in the encouragement and maintenance of their ethnical integrity. Nor is there any line of investigation of more practical interest to all aspiring Negro students than the facts and reasons which are concerned in this position.

Negroes are not the only colored race in the world, nor is their race-problem the only one with which the moralist and preacher and statesman have to do. Wherever races of pronounced difference in color have come together in large number there a race-problem will be found. Such a problem has existed in India since the first Aryan invasion of that country, perhaps four thousand years ago; and it lies there at the bottom of the immemorial system of caste.*

The modern control of India by Great Britain has in some respects relieved the asperities of the problem,

*—On the problem of the Chinese race see especially Wm. A. P. Martin, D. D., LL. D., "A Cycle of Cathay," New York, F. H. Revell Co., 1896; also, "The Lore of Cathay," 1901; also, Chester Holcombe, "The Real Chinaman"; New York, Dodd, Mead & Co., and "The Real Chinese Question," 1900.

*—For a deeply instructive treatment of the origin of Indian caste see the chapter on Indias in "Prehistoric Nations," by John D. Baldwin, New York, Harper Bros., 1869.

while adding new features to it by the very presence of the English in that land*

Such a problem exists in South Africa, German Africa, the Congo State, and other portions of that great continent at this time. It exists in various parts of Spanish America, and in Cuba it has much to do with the recent revolt. It exists in the Philippines, the native population of which, is made up of several discordant racial factors; and in Australia, and many Pacific islands, where indigenous races, with Chinese, Japanese and whites, come into considerable contact and collision. It exists very strongly in California, where there are scarcely any Negroes, no less than in the Southern states, and other places.

But as this problem is thus very widely diffused so also certain principles may be recognized as widely applicable to it; though the only principles from which the problem may be expected to derive an adequate solution, with ultimate and permanent relief, are those founded in a Christian view of the world. To Christianity alone can sociology look for principles and energies that can set right this crooked world of human nature; while those principals and energies become available only in that degree in which they are accepted and used on their own terms as laid down in the Christian Scriptures. Some of these most general principles may be considered next; and they will be found to support Mr. Baker's contention regarding the two ideals, and the maintenance by the Negro race of its physical integrity.
(To Be Continued in the Next Issue.)

*—See an important discussion of this in "Asia and Europe," by Meredith Townsend, New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, renew edition, 1904.

Light from Dark Races

BY E. H. CLEMENT.

The Baba Bharati, a highly gifted Brahman, who for some time after the Peace Congress in Boston, to which he came as a delegate, remained here expounding the principles of Hinduism, has established at Los Angeles, California, a magazine entitled "The Light of India," devoted to the exposition of the civilization of the East to the Western world. A recent number contained his vigorous paper, "The White Peril," in which Baba Bharati says:

"The Westernization of Japan is a world-wide delusion. She is too old and solidly Eastern to be Westernized in a day. She has donned the dress and armours of "Civilization" to fight the battle of Asia's deliverance from the danger of that civilization, to teach its missionaries that Asia is the cradle of civilization, the East, being the intellectual aristocracy of the world, can, whenever they like, think and act in everything as well as, if not better than, their Western tyrants.

Already she has proved by practical demonstration to the power-drunk conceit-blinded Europe that its superiority over Asia in bravery and intelligence is the hollowest pretension. With this rude awakening Europe ought to learn, if she has not already learned, that the soul is the seat of highest bravery and the East more soulful than the West! that the East, the home of light and knowledge, is bound to be pervaded by keener intelligence than the West; that intelligence and faith and feeling, and not mere brute-force, are the backbone of true valor; that the lack of modern fire-arms and opportunities of being drilled in modern warfare, of which Asiatics have been deprived by the dominant White races, have so long prevented them from driv-

ing out the White Peril from their country in order to be able to live once more in peace and harmony of soul-culture, which is their goal of life. She has shown that the feeling of patriotism, which the Western peoples had so long thought was their exclusive monopoly, is possessed by the reincarnation-believing Eastern races of all-surrendering devotion in a higher degree, and that it is of a type not to be found in the modern West. She has already made England fearful of losing India and all the Western Powers fearful of the awakening of China which, however, has already begun; they are even dreaming of Chino-Japanese hordes sweeping over Europe. But this is a mere dream. The Mikado stands for the peace of Asia, and better understanding between the East and the West.

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"What is this civilization anyway? I have lived in four of its chief centers for about five years. During this time I have studied this civilization with the little light with which my Brahman birth has blessed me. And I must confess that I have been deeply pained by the facts that study has revealed to me. Oh, what saddening facts! One of my fragmental portrayal of the deemed not go to India to test the truth grading effects of this civilization upon the Hindoos. Let him look about himself and mark its ravages upon his own people here, how it is sapping the moral foundation of its deluded victims in the lands where it has sprung into being and where it is holding its undisputed sway. And I challenge him to deny that this vaunted civilization of his is dragging him down from his high estate. It has practically abolished the idea of a human soul, and

whatever of it is believed in, by some, is its false shadow. It is daily degrading divine humanity into unashamed animality. It has raised selfishness to a religious creed, Mammon to the throne of God, adulteration to a science, falsehood to a fine art. It has turned holy matrimony into a farce, the marriage certificate into waste paper, connubial blessings into a chance of lottery. It has banished all seriousness out of life and made it a mere plaything. Self-seeking its breath, self-will its law, self-conceit its essence, self-deception its philosophy. It has created artificial wants for man and made him a slave to work to satisfy them; it has made him ever restless within and without, robbed him of leisure—the only friend of high thought. He knows no peace, hence knows not himself or his real object in life. It has made him a breathing moving, hustling, fighting, spinning machine—ever working, never resting, never knowing even the refreshing rest of a sound sleep. It has made him a bag of live nerves, ever stretched to high tension. He has learned to call license liberty, breach of social laws and shirking of responsibilities independence, slavery of his own wild will freedom. It has deified sensuality, glorified materialism, beautified sin. It has split human societies into atoms, families into units, fighting against each other. It has sapped the foundation of home-life and, its trunk severed from its roots, its roof-tree threatens to fall, shaken by each passing breeze. Its vulgar haste and love of sensation are invading even the realm of religion which is being classed with fads and crazes. Its boasted scientific inventions have done more harm than good to humanity's best and permanent interests; they serve only the surface-life which alone its votaries live and know. It is hinting at love as a microbe, reducing romance to illicit love. It openly proposes the killing of chronic patients and all old people over sixty. Humility is hateful in its estimation, conceit and brute-force constitute its superior individuality. It has abolished reverence, depth of character, real genius, real poetry and real philosophy. It is establishing the

crime of color and poverty. Flattery is its juice of life, insincerity the substance of courtesy. Morality is mere sentiment, sentiment mere weakness, constancy and chastity antiquated foolishness. That which affords instant pleasure is of worth, that which involves waiting to be enjoyed is deemed worthless. Gross, material enjoyment, in short, is its Heaven of Happiness, its ideal Salvation."

If it requires a surgical operation to enable a Scotchman to take a joke, it has required the blowing to pieces of Port Arthur and of two or three fleets of European battleships, and of a hundred thousand or more European soldiers, to enable Europe to acquire the beginnings of a wholesome respect of the rights of Asiatics to their own countries. The events of the past twenty months have done what twenty hundred years of the Christian Era had failed to accomplish in teaching the nations of the West that their Holy Scripture meant what it said when it declared God's purpose to be that all the nations of the earth should dwell together as brethren, with the special injunction that the inhabitants of each nation should respect the boundaries of every other. The learning, the gentleness, the fine arts, the peace and industry, the religion, the venerable age, of the great nations of the East, had won for them little consideration in the minds of the "hustling" and aggressive commercialism of the soi-disant "Modern World," ignoring the existence of any world worth mention outside its own communities. Met fully and wholly upon its favorite and characteristic ground, matched in fighting force and strength with fighting force and arms of the modern scientific precision and effectiveness, the "Modern World" has had the broad concept that the darker races' lands are their own, and that they have the right to exist in them unharmed, fairly shot into it, and all through and through with torpedoes, shells and bullets. It is a pity, a shame indeed! an eternal reproach to so-called Christian civilization, and especially to Christian missions, that this concept could have been reached by Christian civilization in no other

way, but so it has appeared. Well, however, this may be, whether or not there may have been a better way, the thing is done and so thoroughly well done (those outsiders that are in Asian lands and islands may stay there on good behavior, not in possession or domination, but no new occupations, even of "spheres of influence," will again be thought of)—that it only remains to consider what is to come, for Europe and for Asia, out to the readjustment of relations.

What do Europe and America now expect from Asia? What do we want? What do we lack that the institutions of the ancient civilization which has taken a new lease of life, may supply in exchange for what we have to give to it? We are speaking now not of material and commercial exchanges, but of the things of the spirit, of things moral and intellectual, aesthetic and religious, the things of real value, high and deep, all aids to the only abiding concern of humanity, character-building for the individual and the general social well-being. In the first place "we could use" a little more respect for age than we are accustomed to, in our latest generations. The Japanese keep repeating, in their official announcements as well in private intercourse, that all that their success is due to the wisdom of their ancestors. While we are flouting the declarations and aspirations of our ancestors as glittering generalities and outgrown notions of a day of small things, the Japanese insist and repeat that had it not been for the things done by their fathers they could not have done the things that they have just done. The whole fabric of their history is sacred to them as one piece woven from the blood and intellect, souls and religious faith and patriotic spirit and devotion of the countless sacred units of their race, including their own forbears, who have gone before. As in national affairs, so also in private and personal concerns. Their family and clan have part in every development and detail of all their fortunes. They are constantly present in thought and influence; every act that is creditable redounds to the ancestors' renown; every discreditable

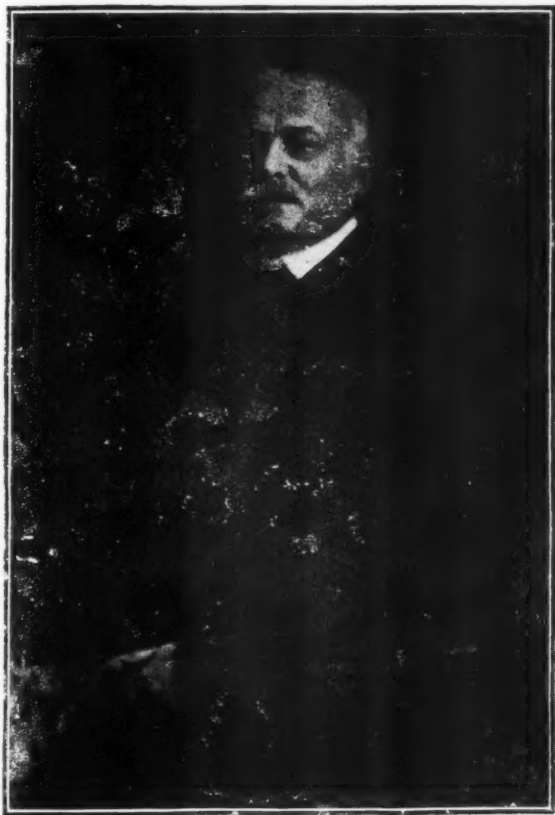
deed is an injury and disgrace to those whom they ought to strive to gratify as they look on at the doings of their descendants.

We could "use," too, a little of some religion such as thus enters into the daily life and actions of every born believer in the religions of this elder world. Our religion is something mystical, removed, apart from, if not in direct contradiction to, our daily practice. Admittedly we do not love our neighbor as ourselves; when smitten on the one cheek we don't turn the other for the second blow; if our coat is taken from us, we do not give the cloak also. We do not sell all that we have and give to the poor. We do not strive to be as innocent and unsuspecting and unresentful as little children, such as constitute, we pretend we believe, the Kingdom of Heaven. All this we listen to, a portion of us, mainly of the softer sex, one day in seven in otherwise unvisited temples maintained for this formal public profession. It is the Hindus who accompany every act of life from the morning ablutions to the evening repast with a worship become as second nature to them. It is the Chinese who have the gods familiarly with them in the wind, the rain and the fulfillment of the harvest. The tumult in the religious world of this country over the acceptance of what is called "tainted money," is an awakening of the consciousness of our people to the wide gulf between religious profession and the daily life of some of its most prominent moneyed patrons. Obviously we can take a leaf, if not out of the religious creeds of the Orient, at all events out of the vital relations of the religions of the East to the "daily walk and conversation" of the people.

Another woeful lacking which we might fill up from study of the Oriental habits of thought is the very habit of thinking—thinking, that is to say, on principles, abstract ideas and ideals, general truths and their relation to conduct as regards our fellow creatures, social duty and righteous living. Thinkers and religious philosophers are popularly held in such regard in the Orient that it is an honor and privilege to shelter and feed a class

of mendicant and wandering hermits who would be arrested and expelled as "tramps" by the authorities of American towns and villages. Among us, the man who is not endlessly busy at his wage-earning task, and even the man who has already amassed wealth

so-called practical object, is deprecated as symptomatic of decline in manly purpose and mental soundness. As a consequence, America is witnessing an alarming moral obtuseness growing upon us, an unashamed insensibility to the demands of justice, law and prin-



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beyond the dreams of avarice and does not keep at "business" into old age, incurs loss of popular confidence and respect in a certain degree. To "loaf and invite one's soul," is considered the mark of an idle and worthless fellow. To spend one's life in meditation or study, if it is not upon some

ciple avowed in the highest quarters. It is Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court who pronounces the recent majority decision of the Court (a finding, written, strange to say, by the son of a Boston poet and patriot whom the whole world has held in affectionate honor for noble voicing of the

higher law of honor and right) declaring that a Chinaman, even though a citizen of the United States, can have no rights which we are bound to respect—as nothing less than “appalling.” Had not the power of noble reasoning on abstract right become atrophied by disuse among us, had not the immediate end and the immediate dollar usurped with us the place we gave till the close of the nineteenth century, reverence for the higher thought and “higher law” and “the rights of man,” now the laughing-stock of our degenerates, such a breaking with our past and its noblest traditions and ideals as has been witnessed in the last seven years in the attempt to imperialize the Republic and fasten upon it the paraphernalia of vassal colonies, abroad and at home, voteless masses of citizens who are not citizens, with a standing army and a bloated naval establishment, consciously aping the marauding “Powers” of Europe,—would never have materialized.

The recent invading “Commission” sent from British India into Tibet has had very little to say in praise of its people and their institutions and least of all of their religion. But this much is extorted from those who have looked upon a land hitherto unvisited by Europeans or by their influence in any form or relation: “Whatever else has been done by these lamas of Tibet,” says Sir Henry Howorth, “they have succeeded in converting the most extraordinary aggressive race that the world has probably ever seen into one of the most peaceful and most quiet.” And this is the work of an extremely corrupt form of Buddhism, according to British authority.

Our manners as others see them, may have possibly something to gain in the way of repose and suavity and dignity. The newspaper-reading public has been amazed at nothing more in the amazing series of events of the Russo-Japanese war, than at the faultlessly “correct,” to use the diplomatic term, temper and terms of the published official utterances, whether of the political or military authorities of Japan. Courtesy, chivalry, humane treatment of wounded and prisoners,

restraint in victory, and absence of either menacing or exultant flourish, have set for Europe and America a high standard for national conduct in a great war.

At a meeting of the Japan Society of London, one of the English speakers gave it as his opinion that the happiness of the Japanese is largely owing to the fact that the national ideas are brought down to the marketplace. It appears that societies for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals are non-existent in Japan, for there is no need of them. A Japanese recently remarked, “We should be ashamed to profess to follow the Sermon on the Mount and act as you do.” Collate this with the remark of President Francis L. Patton of the Princeton theological seminary, in a recent Sunday sermon, referring to a very prominent American:

“I hate to see a cold-blooded, right living rascal, who has his \$40,000,000 and can teach Sunday school regularly and drives his hard bargain every week, always keeping just within the range of the law.”

The London Chronicle, speaking of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, observed the other day:

“After this was there anything equivalent to be done to revolutionize human thought and action? There are some who think that the discovery of Japan as a factor in human affairs will prove to be as great a revelation, and as great a revolution, as the finding of the New World. If the discovery thereof redressed the balance of the Old World, this equilibrium has again been disturbed by revelations forced upon us by the Japanese.”

If so much of enlightenment has been accomplished for us at this single point of contact with the civilization of Asia, a civilization unadulterated with any European interference, for good or evil, with the natural development of an Asiatic race on its own racial and religious lines, what may not be seen with the great nationalities freed from the influences and actual forcible dominations of aliens confusing and cramping their evolution according to their respective national

genius? What about our modern science, you ask, of which Japan has so effectively availed herself? Yes, we are right to be proud of being in a position to requite the East with something commensurate with all that we are beginning to see we have derived and are yet to assimilate from the ancient culture and religions of the Orient. Our science, we may finally conclude, is but rediscovering and applying in detail the occult science of the ages of study of the relations of man to nature before our own civilization had emerged from savagery on this side of the planet away from earliest rising of the Sun. We may come to see that, as any specific branch of science, say, of chemistry or bacteriology or astronomy, is to the science, say, of Emerson, so is our science to the science of the "Ancient Wisdom." The greater must ever have included

the less; and as we rediscover and correlate this and that portion of the eternal verities, we shall view more reverently and with juster appreciation the ages, and their living descendants that approached the vast unknown in the universe in the religious spirit and so came nearer to the heart of all mysteries. Meanwhile the increasing mutual knowledge and mutual respect and "good will among men," must hasten the day of more light. As the Anglo-Indian laureate has sung:

Oh, East is East and West is West, and
never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
before God's Judgment Seat.
But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong Men stand Face to
Face, though they come from
the ends of the Earth.

Is It You?

[From the Baltimore American.]

Some one's selfish, some one's lazy;

Is it you?

Some one's sense of right is hazy;

Is it you?

Some one lives a life of ease,

Doing largely as he please,

Drifting idly with the breeze—

Is it you?

Some one hopes success will find him;

Is it you?

Some one proudly looks behind him;

Is it you?

Some one full of good advice

Seems to think it rather nice

In a "has been's" paradise—

Is it you?

Some one trusts to luck for winning;

Is it you?

Some one craves a new beginning;

Is it you?

Some one says, "I never had

Such a chance as Jones's lad,"

Some one's likewise quite a cad—

Is it you?

Some one's terribly mistaken;

Is it you?

Some one sadly will awaken;

Is it you?

Some one's working on the plan

That a masterful "I can"

Doesn't help to make the man—

Is it you?

Some one yet may "make a killing,"

And it's you.

Some one needs but to be willing,

And it's you.

Some one better set his jaw,

Cease to be a man of straw,

Get some sand into his craw—

And it's you.



I DO NOT BELIEVE IN FIGHTING.

I do not believe in fighting, but the world does; I do not believe in the shot gun as an argument settler, but it is often employed for that purpose and there are men who glory in the use of it. Indeed, men are infatuated with the idea that they can make themselves happy by hating, abusing, and killing their kind—by using clubs, knives, revolvers and dyanmite against each other. Indeed, the whole world is yet in its fighting period and there seems to be little use to talk peace. With my feeble voice, I protest against the coming storm, which threatens to burst at any moment; but my protest seems to be useless. Those in power, continue to insanely provoke the plain people, the real workers, the true creators of the country's wealth, by unjust treatment, economic proscription, political discrimination, and cruelty; and these plain people, the creators of the country's wealth, most of them ignorant and impecunious Negroes in the southern states, foolishly and pitilessly seek to revenge themselves by retaliation. As a consequence, there is smoke, and fire, and blood, and death. Race malice and hatred is born of ignorance. Human ignorance is still so dense that men are swayed largely by unjurious passions. At every turn, the Negro finds the frown of suspicion and anger, and the forbidding scowl of hate wrinkling the white man's brow. This should not be. Man should love his brother of every race and of every clime. Fighting may force obedience, but it can never force love and confidence and respect and peace.

—Charles Alexander, Editor Alexander's Magazine.



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG'S WORKS.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of eight volumes of the works of Emanuel Swedenborg, sent to us through the kindness of the Rev. Clyde W. Bromell, pastor of the Church of the New Jerusalem, Joseph Warren Square, Roxbury, Mass. The following is a complete list of the books:

"The True Christian Religion," 3 Volumes, about 416 pages each. Price \$2.75. Single Vol., \$1.25.

"The Divine Love and Wisdom," 269 pages. Price, \$1.00.

"Four Doctrines of the New Jerusalem," 319 pages. Price, \$1.00.

"The Divine Providence," 382 pages. Price, \$1.25.

"The Heavenly Arcana," 410 pages. Price, \$1.25.

"Heaven and Hell," price \$1.25, 466 pages. This last named book is a most illuminating work to the spiritual-minded. It reveals the wonders of Heaven and Hell from things heard and seen. Swedenborg was a great student of the Bible as will be seen by the study of his theological works and were it not for the fact that he was a man of great learning many readers would regard this particular book as the vagaries of an extremely superstitious mind. We get the idea that man's Spiritual station in heaven is largely determined by the position which he makes for himself on the physical earth. (Page 245.) There are rich and poor, spiritually speaking, in heaven as well as in hell, and selfishness and evil-doing is punished both before and after death. Every possible phase of man's life is fully discussed in this book and the

reading is certainly inspiring and helpful. This is a record of personal experience of one who was conscientiously and actually an inhabitant of the spiritual world, associating with the people of that world as if he were one of them.

Emanuel Swedenborg, scientist and theologian, was born at Stockholm, Sweden, in 1688, and died in London, England, in 1772. His father was Jesper Swedberg, Bishop of Skara, in West Gothland, a man who stood high in his country for learning and integrity of character. Writing in his diary forty years after his son was born, he says:—

"Emanuel, my son's name, signifies 'God with us,' a name which constantly reminds him of the nearness of God,



EMANUEL SWEDENBORG
1688—1772

and of that interior, holy and mysterious connection in which, through faith, we stand with our good and gracious God. And blessed be the Lord's name! God has, to this hour, been with him, and may God be further with him, until he is eternally united with Him in His Kingdom."

Swedenborg was liberally educated, and in his twenty-second year took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Upsal. He pub-

lished many treatises on various scientific topics, especially in the fields of mathematics, astronomy, physics and chemistry. Up to his fifty-third year, he devoted himself to mechanical, scientific, and philosophical studies, with the end of discovering the laws of nature, in order that they might be applied to useful service.

"Among all the men who rose to eminence in any of the departments of natural science during his time," says Hon. John Bigelow, "it would be difficult to name one whose labors in the different departments of applied science it would be more interesting or more profitable to dwell upon. The mere titles of his scientific works (over seventy in number) are enough to appal the modern student by the evidence they furnish of his industry and the range of his explorations."

During this period of his life, Swedenborg enjoyed the friendship and confidence not only of the most distinguished and learned men of his country, but also that of the King of Sweden, Charles XII., he was elevated to be a member of the Equestrian Order of the House of Nobles by Queen Ulrica Eleanor, and his name changed from Swedenborg to Swedenborg.

At the age of fifty-five, Swedenborg abandoned his scientific pursuits, having been, as he solemnly declared, called by the Lord to a new and higher work and office. From that time he wrote on spiritual and divine subjects alone. His theological writings are contained in about seventy distinct works, the less important of which are still in manuscript.

In many places in his published works and private correspondence, Swedenborg refers, but with a modest brevity, to the office and mission to which he declared himself called, simply saying, that he was only the human instrument by which the Lord, out of His great love for mankind, was now making new disclosures of divine truth in the opening of the Spiritual sense of Holy Scripture, by which the genuine doctrine it was designed to teach might be fully made known.

"I have been called," he says, "to a holy office by the Lord Himself, who most graciously manifested Himself to me, His servant, in the year 1743, when He opened my sight to a view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day. From that time I began to print and publish various arcana that have been seen by me or revealed to me, as respecting heaven



REV. CLYDE W. BROOMELL
Pastor

and hell, the state of man after death, the true worship of God, the spiritual sense of the World, with many other most important matters conducive to salvation and true wisdom."

In an appeal to the king for protection against the persecutions of Bishop Filenius, and other ecclesiastics, who had seized and suppressed some of his works, he says in reference to his mission:—

"I have already informed your Majesty, and beseech you to call to mind, that the Lord our Saviour manifested Himself to me in a sensible personal appearance; that He has commanded me to write what has been already done, and what I have still to do; that He was afterward graciously pleased to endow me with the privi-

age of conversing with angels and spirits, and to be in fellowship with them. I have already declared this more than once to your royal Majesty in presence of all the royal family, when they were graciously pleased to invite me to their table with five senators and several other persons, when this was the only subject discoursed of during the repast."

There are two remarkable things connected with Swedenborg and his writings. One is the indifference with which both the religious and scientific worlds have, for more than a hundred



CHURCH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM
Joseph Warren Square.

years, regarded the man and his marvellous labors in the cause of science and religion. The other, and less remarkable, if the claim made by Swedenborg that he was chosen by the Lord as the herald of a New Spiritual Dispensation be really true, is the silent but powerful influence which these writings have exerted; an influence that grows more and more potential every day.

[Note: A copy of this book in paper binding will be sent to each one of our subscribers with the compliments of Alexander's Magazine.]

"Yarb and Cretine, or Rising From Bonds," by Dr. George B. H. Swayze. The C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston, Mass. 414 Pages. Price \$1.50.

There are thousands of white men and women in this country who are

fair-minded and generous in their attitude toward the Negro. Indeed, the spirit of liberality so prevalent throughout the country at the present time, is the most hopeful sign of the future peace and prosperity and absolute harmony between white people and the Negro race. The author of this book was raised on a farm in Pennsylvania and shared all of the vigorous experiences of farm life until he was 22 years of age. He was graduated from Jefferson Medical college in Philadelphia in 1859, and entered upon the practice of medicine immediately. During the late unpleasantness between the North and South, he served as an assistant surgeon in the Union army. In 1871 he located in Philadelphia where he became actively interested in writing contributions for medical journals. He has kept up this work ever since. In 1881 with the assistance of other physicians of Philadelphia, he founded the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadelphia. He wrote the first announcement for this institution and was elected its first professor of obstetrics and gynaecology and clinical gynaecology and its first dean. During his active life, Dr. Swayze has made a very close study of the puzzling problem known as the Negro question. The perplexity of the problem has been candidly analyzed not by mere literary treatment, but by representative characters themselves. The progress essential to the eradication of racial prejudice, has been weighed and measured with great care and every instrument of logic and deduction has been employed for the promotion of peace and prosperity under all circumstances and the results of his meditation and thought have crystalized in the moral of "Yarb and Cretine, or Rising from Bonds." At great pains of travel and investigative observation, this surviving veteran of the civil war has produced one of the most helpful books, dealing with the Negro problem that has yet been presented to the reading public. The characters are not all purely imaginary; they are characters with which the author has come in personal contact and the language which they employ in the book is the language which he himself heard from their own lips.

The following beautiful picture of old Yarb, whose back was bent with toil and whose black face was intensified by white beard and hair, proves conclusively that even in the untutored mind of the Negro, there is an appreciation of the beauty of nature and the great benevolence of an all-wise Providence.

"Yarb wasted not himself away in helpless grief over any irksome deformity of his lot in this world. It was true that he had been stripped of wife and children; it was true that his heart had bled from the severing wrench which made each forced separation the pangs of living death; but he yet could behold the blossom-giving trees as hospitable friends—the foot trodden earth as the embosoming mother of the body's repose—the gladdening flowers as saintly smiles—the satiny clouds as ivory barges of happy souls—the gleaming stars as lighted lamps to celestial worlds—the azure sky as the pearly outer wall of the heaven beyond, where his hope was anchored and his treasures safely stored. Yarb's mind was illumined by the facile imagery of the darker East that garnished like poesy the ruder actualities of experience."

Cretine is a very charming Octoroon girl, obviously owing her faithfulness and good humor and splendid voice to her African blood, and we feel quite contented that she should, after a great deal of exciting adventure, find happiness in the devoted love of Randolph Canaan. He is Negro also, and they are both devotedly interested in and working for a University in the South for colored people.

Yarb is an old Negro seer, with enough common sense to steer his friends clear of trouble with the Ku Klux—for the book treats of the time just succeeding the war—if the freed folk will take his advice. The motive of the story is excellent, and is well expressed in the peroration of a speech delivered in Baltimore by the colored hero to a colored audience: "Work diligently pursued, practical education of head and hands, intelligence of aim and effort, avoidance of the distracting antagonism of race friction, steadfast application in hon-

orable ambitions, altogether will recoin our rising people into great substantial factors in the States where we must outgrow and outlive our past prejudices and disabilities as the Negro adjunct of the greatest nation on God's earth."

The motive in short is so good that we can forgive the lovers and others talking as if they were addressing a mass of population, and Dr. Swayze himself for being somewhat wordy in presenting the situations.

Every colored man and woman should read this book. It is a book with a great mission, and this mission is to bring peace between the two races in the South and to fully inform the North of the true condition of both elements in the South.

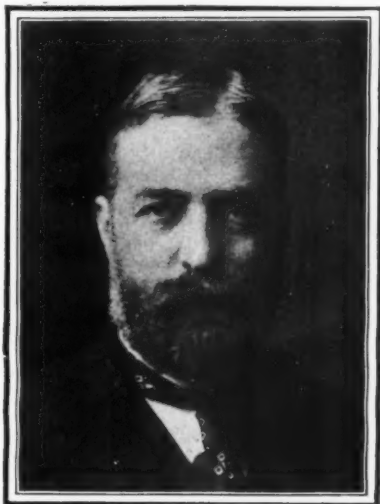
"Geronimo's Story of His Life," taken down and edited by S. M. Barrett. Duffield & Company, New York. 216 pages. Price \$1.50.

This rugged warrior who confesses in a very frank and direct manner many murders, has given out to the world, a story of Indian life and aspirations that accounts easily for the vanishment of his kind. While the tribe to which Geronimo belongs believed many good things and prayed to Usen (God) for strength and health and wisdom, there was more vengeance and lawlessness in the nature of the tribe than anything else. We admire the great sense of honor displayed by Geronimo in risking his health to keep an engagement with the writer of this narrative, but the tendency to warfare and lawlessness, so vividly portrayed by the Indian cannot meet with our approval. The book is well illustrated and furnishes facts concerning the life of the Indian that are unique. We do not remember having read a book which gives such intimate pictures of the superstitions and treachery and war-riving spirit as is revealed in this work. This book is published by permission of the President and the War Department.

ERNEST CROSBY'S LITERARY WORK.

Ernest Crosby's literary career has come to a sadly premature end. He has been taken away in the very prime of life, and the many years of fruitful literary activity which were supposed to be before him will not be realized. But the past at least is secure, and his now published works will remain an inspiring and enduring monument.

Plowshares," first published in 1902 (cloth, \$1.20; by mail, \$1.29), and "Broad-Cast," published in 1905 (cloth, 75 cents; by mail, 80 cents). Both of these books were brought out simultaneously in Great Britain and the United States. "Captain Jinks, Hero" (cloth, illustrated, \$1.50, postpaid) was called forth by the recent wars of the United States, like "Swords and Plowshares." Most of Mr. Crosby's other books came as a result of his activity as a lecturer. Two are about



ERNEST CROSBY.

Very probably the last bit of literary work done by Mr. Crosby is his review of "Fellowship Songs," in *The Public* of January 5. This was received only a few days before his death, and was printed in the issue of *The Public* that went to press on the day he died.

Mr. Crosby's first book was "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," published in London in 1898, and in the United States in 1899 (cloth, \$1.50; by mail, \$1.62; paper, 40 cents; by mail, 44 cents). Two collections of verse of the same character succeeded "Plain Talk," namely, "Swords and

Tolstoy: "Tolstoy and His Message" (cloth, 50 cents; by mail, 54 cents), and "Tolstoy as a Schoolmaster" (cloth 50 cents; by mail, 55 cents). The book about Garrison, "Garrison the Non-resident" (Cloth, 50 cents).

"Ethics of Democracy," by Louis F. Post. The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill. 361 Pages. Price \$2.00. Postage 12c.

We welcome anything from the pen of Mr. Post on ethical subjects, well knowing that though what he may recommend to us may be for the moment impracticable—perhaps for many

hundred years to come, at any rate, till "each for all" takes the place of "every one for himself," the admitted guide in the relations of human beings to each other—it will be hopeful and cheering.

And so indeed these "optimistic essays on the natural laws of human society" prove to be. It is encouraging to see that Mr. Post opens his parable with a quotation from the speech of "an observant Negro speaker: 'when you are a-going to talk about democracy, you want to name the brand.'"

Needless to say that the brand advocated by the author is broad and liberal. He reminds us at once that democracy ought not to mean government by the "lower classes," but by all the people, each in his station taking an active interest in the common welfare, and in short taking trouble to have the government what it ought to be, and that true democratic manners spring only "from a living faith in the essential equality of men," and it is almost as needless to say that the democracy of the book is "generic not partisan," and only "leans towards the Democratic party of American politics" when that party is truly democratic. No one who knows the author could suppose his ever having any sympathy with those powerful influences in the Democratic party which may be best described as Tammanyism in the North, and Know-nothing-swashbucklerism in the South.

In fine, every really public-spirited citizen who will prayerfully read what Mr. Post has to tell him about the principles of the political philosophy founded by Henry George (to whom the book is dedicated) must be refreshed and strengthened; for its main object is to "arouse his interest, stimulate his thought, and encourage him to develop his intelligence" and the object is well attained. Mr. Post fights with equal spirit, entrenched privilege and priestly arrogance, and leaves us with the calm assurance that, "Imperial power and economic monopoly may prosper for a time, but only democracy is strong to the end."

"Ethical Principles of Marriage and Divorce," by Louis F. Post. The Public Publishing Company. First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill. 127 Pages. Price \$1.00. Postage 10c.

Mr. Post holds, as we should have expected him to do, that marriage is "the most sacred thing in all the world," and that, "unless marriage is sacred in the hearts of the people, meddling legislation can only bring it into further contempt;" and we all have to agree with him cordially. But the question is: What is meddling legislation? and when we regard the proportion which divorces bear to marriages in Omaha and other "easy" parts of these United States, we cannot help feeling that there should be wisdom enough in the union to hit off some plan of uniformity in treatment of such a vital question.

Nor can we take much comfort to our souls in this particular when Mr. Post tells us that "James Bryce was right when he wrote 'Nor is the morality of any country to be measured by the number of divorces. Its condition may be really worse if people cynically abstain from obtaining divorces where there are grounds for obtaining them,' for we cannot but suspect that our country is afflicted in these days with more than one form of cynical abstention.

When the author comes to "Ecclesiastical considerations," as founded on Matthew and Luke, we cordially agree with him that the fact of women not having even begun in their day to be on an equality with man in these particulars, puts the evangelist "out of court" in the present day, and invites the almost profane remark of John P. Robinson that "they didn't know everything down in Judee!"

Anyway, Mr. Post's view of the whole question is eminently sane and wholesome and deserves to be studied by every maid and bachelor, married couples and widowed folk in the country. He sums up well when he tells us that true marriage "implies the subjugation of self by each marital partner with reference to the other," and adds with the greatest truth that when each of us "cultivates a spirit of un-

selfish respect for the rights of others," there will be "no wars, no race animosities, no parasitical classes, no poverty, no crime, and no marriage problems."

"Our Constitution. Why and How It Was Made. Who Made It and What It Is," by Edward Waterman Townsend. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. 319 pages. Price \$1.50.

This book gives a painstaking account of the origin and growth of our constitution, of the people who have played the most important part in making it, and of the essentials of its evolution from Magna Charta through the Bill of Rights, Franklin's Plan of Union and the Declaration of Independence, till it became "the Bond of Union of the States," ordaining and defining their joint government.

Mr. Townsend takes us right up to the fifteenth amendment, which with its two predecessors may be said to be our "Bill of Rights"; but, just as the Englishman did not come into full possession of his rights till many scores of years had passed, so evidently the author of this book believes it will be with us; for he says, without protest, that "the right to vote is, in effect, denied to the Negro in some of the States," but adds, "there is no doubt that when the Negro shows by growth

of intelligence, virtue and industry that he is well equipped properly to exercise the privilege of voting, denial of that privilege under any pretence will cease."

All which no doubt is true. We have to educate ourselves, North and South, keep straight and work hard, and we of the North have to make sacrifices to help our southern brethren overcome the pretences ("and their name is legion") whereby they are denied full citizenship in this good republic; and it is well that we should, as Mr. Townsend says, get to "know why and how their constitutional rights were guaranteed, what they are, and how they can be enforced."

"Golden Rule Jones, Mayor of Toledo," by Ernest Crosby. The Public Publishing Company, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill. 70 pages. Price 50c. Bound in cloth.

Mr. Crosby has furnished us with a fascinating biographical sketch of the Mayor of Toledo, who during his term of office has fearlessly applied the Golden Rule to all the affairs of business and politics and has set an example for public administrators to follow. The book should be read by men and women in all walks of life who are interested in the problems of true democracy.

MR. OSCAR M. TIBBS.

We take great pleasure in introducing to the readers of Alexander's Magazine, Mr. Oscar M. Tibbs, a most unique character and industrious, progressive and enterprising member of the Negro race.

Born on a farm in the State of Virginia in 1861, with meagre educational advantages, Mr. Tibbs has risen to a proud position in the world. From his birth up to his twenty-first year, he had had only about two years schooling. At the age of 21 he started working on the railroads in West Virginia, Pennsylvania and in Maryland, finally journeying to Boston in 1881, where he worked at the barber's trade for eight years, and then as a Pullman porter. Leaving this work, he entered

the employ of John C. Haynes & Co., now located at 181 Tremont street, Boston. He remained with this firm for nine years. When he went there he had no knowledge whatever of the trade. He soon learned, however, to manufacture mandolins, after which he grew proficient in the manufacture of almost every known stringed instrument made, and today he stands in the foremost ranks in his trade.

For fear that some astrological seers will attribute this individual case to some sidereal influences, it is very safe to say that the lucky star did not wind its course over the little patch of earth in Virginia where a little black boy chanced to be born forty-four years ago. It was not luck, chance or any of those kindred uncertainties; but it was just simply hard work, persistent

struggling, a determined purpose and a faithfulness to duty.

Mr. Tibbs has in his shop at the present time, which is located at 42-1-2 Church street, Boston, more than 250 instruments, among which you will find the violin, guitar, mandolin, zith-

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE CONGO.

In a statement given out by Cardinal Gibbons recently he said: "I fear this agitation against King Leopold's administration is animated partly by religious jealousy and partly by com-



O. M. TIBBS.

er, harp, lute and many others. His latest venture in manufacturing is the drum. He fills orders from many of the leading houses of the city. He has recently invented an inflator for the drum. This is a distinction because not any of the firms of the city have been able to make this inflator and they have been compelled to send to New York for all they used. Now, all of their orders are being filled by Mr. Tibbs.

Mr. Tibbs is an earnest church worker in the Calvary Baptist church and he is also an ardent advocate of his race. He has now been in business for himself for three years and is doing very well indeed. He says that just now he finds that there is more profit in the repairing than in the manufacturing of stringed instruments.

mercial rivalry. It is to be hoped that the individuals who are carrying it on will not be successful in their efforts to induce the great powers of the earth to interfere in the affairs of a small nation. The Belgian nation is a small nation, but the Belgians are a brave people, and, as indicated by the action of their Parliament, they stand solidly by their King in supporting his African regime. In our school-boy days the most odious and contemptible creature we used to encounter was the bully who played the tyrant toward the weak. But still more intolerable is a bullying nation that picks a quarrel with a feeble nation with the base intent of seizing her possessions, playing the role that King Ahab enacted toward Naboth.

THERE AND HERE.

Alas, for that fine old "Survival," the House of Lords! Forty-one years ago, when "the stupid party" over there had killed John Bright's Reform bill and had tried to keep the consequent agitators from agitating in Hyde Park, and the Hyde Park railings had gone down of themselves (for there was no "malice prepense" on part of serious people—it was just "the boys" who gave them a shove and they went down!) things had well-nigh come to a deadlock; and had there been no Hebrew politician of consummate ability to the fore, to educate the said party for the moment, to the point of "seeing" John Bright "and going him several better" in the matter of enfranchisement, the upper house must have had its power very largely curtailed, or must have lost it altogether, except in social matters in which its power seems likely to remain unimpaired through the hundreds of years which must intervene before the trueism at the end of social conflict to introduce its millennium. Their Graces and Lordships were blessed then with a Beaconsfield; now, for their sins no doubt, they have only a Balfour!

But how about our House of Lords? for there is no doubt that the United States Senate much more nearly represents the millionaires of plate and protection in this country than the plain people of the same, just as its prototype very much more nearly represents the landed oligarchy (plus the millionaires) than the plain people, over there. Have our plutocrats any leader fit to set about the reform of the Senate which has to come in the not remote future? Sometimes it looks as if our rough-riding would-be Protector might be the man. But then the fable of King Log and King Stork at once occurs to the mind of the plain person considering the matter, and he concludes that it is best to put up with King Log for the present. The next two years are likely to point the way to this, and quite a number of other reforms.

Our English cousins have been by no means immaculate in their treatment of their colored brethren, Kaffir and

other, in Africa; but it was less atrocious than that of the Dutch settler on that Continent, a fact which stood in the way of our entirely sympathizing with the Boers in their gallant fight for independence—for themselves! And now, by comparison, the doings on the Congo of the unspeakable Leopold and of the subjects of Wilhelm further south in Africa, make one quite proud of John, and of the race to which he belongs; chiefly, by the way, because that race, thanks to its past centuries of comparatively free insularity, has taken to itself all that was most enterprising and intelligent of so many other races, less favorably placed.

And talking of enterprise and intelligence as applied to South Africa, it looks as if John were going to get ahead on that dark old continent, of Uncle Sam and his neighbor on this the brightest and newest! The Victoria Falls of the Zambesi river are only a trifle of 600 miles from the Boer country and they are more than double the height of Niagara and half as much again in width; and the South African company proposes to harness those falls and make their power electrify and irrigate all the intermediate "dry-as-dust" country and a good bit besides, before the pensive excursionist gets to see the falls and exclaims against the wickedness of such a proceeding.

In the meantime, our level-headed Taft having told us that we cannot prevent the further use of the power of Niagara, Uncle Sam and Cousin Canuck are just looking on and drifting towards allowing the franchise-grabsters on either side of the falls to steal it little by little, instead of facing the situation sanely and foresightedly, each boring enough tunnels on either side to divide equitably the whole force (the which to let out at a fair rent), and so making the old giant do a good eight or ten hours' work every working day of the year, turning him on over his falls for the rest of the time, to show his good looks for the benefit of the aforesaid pensive excursionist, and lighting him up at night with his own stored electricity. Vaya! We have got to look alive, or the Old Man will get ahead of us.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE BROWNSVILLE AFFAIR

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

(From the Boston Herald)

The shooting affray which took place Aug. 13, 1906, in Brownsville, Tex., between the black soldiers of the garrison of Fort Brown and the civilians of the town, is now before the Senate for investigation; and as the inquiry bids fair to be clouded by anger, misrepresentation and appeals to passion and prejudice, a recital of the facts and circumstances of the case, learned at first hand, may be interesting and valuable at this time, if the merits of the controversy and principles involved are to be appreciated intelligently. This story represents a personal investigation conducted at Fort Reno, Ok., Fort Sam Houston, at San Antonio and Brownsville, Tex.

Black Garrison Unwelcome.

A battalion of the 25th, U. S. infantry (colored), consisting of companies B, C and D, was transferred from Fort Niobrara, Neb., to Fort Brown, Tex., late in June, 1906, the white garrison at that place—companies of the 26th infantry—being ordered to the post at San Antonio, Tex. The advent of these black soldiers was received with distinct disfavor in Texas; the Texas militia threatened to fire on them if they took part with them in the annual manoeuvres with the federal troops; and the town of Brownsville protested loudly and angrily against garrisoning Fort Brown with Negroes.

God made the Negro a man; the constitution made him a citizen; the Republic made him a soldier; but south of Mason and Dixon's line the wisdom of God and the sagacity of man are

received with scant respect when they apply to the "nigger." The South is notoriously Negrophobe; Texas is not less frank in its prejudices; but whether the war department was warranted in ignoring the protests and prejudices of the South and in asserting the war-won principle of equality before the law and of maintaining the dignity of the government, are matters I will not pass upon.

The black troops went into garrison at Fort Brown with this acute antagonism awaiting them; for weeks they were subjected to insults and humiliations from the roughest elements of the town; they were driven from saloons and shouldered off the sidewalks; they were abused, beaten and wounded by United States officials, without redress; and the town seemed bent on achieving its open boast that "it would drive the niggers out of Brownsville."

The majority of these black soldiers were veterans who had served from two to six enlistments, only a small minority being in their first enlistment. They were orderly, well-trained soldiers, whose officers were proud of their discipline and efficiency. Negroes are very human; they respond to kindness and considerate treatment; they resent ill treatment; they are proud of the uniform they wear and the flag they serve; and they have an enviable reputation for fidelity and bravery.

The People of Brownsville.

The population of Brownsville is mainly Mexican; the majority of the

Americans are Southerners, the minority Northern people of longer or shorter residence. The reputable people of the town are like good people everywhere—they respect themselves, keep at peace and eschew the base things about them. The turbulent majority of Brownsville is characteristic of the Rio Grande valley, a land traditionally lawless and for half a century a haven for the refugees from the justice of the two republics. Brownsville is not an Arcadian community; it is by no means a New England village dislocated in the solitudes of Texas; it is a town with more than its share of rum shops, gambling dens, brothels and the patrons and beneficiaries of such enterprises; law rests lightly on its vivacious inhabitants; and the pistol is an argument too common for comfort or safety.

Under such conditions, it was only a question of time when town and garrison should clash. The soldiers of the 26th had had their troubles with the town; they broke heads in defence of their self-respect without entailing presidential punishment; and, while the color of their skins saved them from humiliations their black comrades had to bear, their uniform brought them insults they were not slow to resent.

Trouble Brewing.

The wiser heads among the Negro soldiers saw trouble ahead, and tried to avoid it. One of their number financed a saloon, which he placed in charge of a retired soldier, where it was hoped they could meet in peace, free from the amenities of the white rum shop; but the fact that good money was flowing into the pockets of a "nigger" instead of into the treasury of some superior white liquor dealer, was considered unusual and outrageous; and threats were made to correct this evil in local fashion, a fashion neither peaceful nor profitable to the black owner. Moreover, the soldiers did their gambling among themselves in their own quarters; and their visiting and spending were done across the river in Matamoras, since Negrophobia was not ap-

parent in that inferior Mexican community.

An Unfortunate Mistake.

Things came to a head when a Negro soldier was accused of laying hands upon a white woman at a house near the garrison. The soldiers allege he was calling at the house to see the Mexican servant girl, and Mexican girls thereabout seem to fancy the black soldiers, and the soldier mistook the mistress for the maid in the darkness of the yard. Learning his mistake, he was as scared as the woman, and bolted, and a new Negro outrage was reported to stimulate the public hatred of the black garrison. Mayor Combe and the husband of the woman called on Maj. Penrose, the commanding officer of the fort, next day, demanding investigation and punishment for the outrage, and advising him to keep his soldiers in garrison after dark if he did not want them shot. Maj. Penrose, a dignified but nervous officer, realized that serious trouble was brewing, and he issued orders that all men not formally authorized by passes to be absent should be in their quarters by 8 o'clock that evening; and to make the matter certain he sent an armed patrol to town to gather up stragglers and return them to the garrison. Later he had a checkroll call to see that his orders were obeyed.

Fort Brown.

Fort Brown is built in the form of a quadrangle of about 800 by 600 yards, roughly estimated, the southern side resting on the Rio Grande, the western side abutting on the town and being separated from it by a five-foot wall; the eastern side runs back to a lagoon fed from the river, and the northern line is defined by a fence. The four sets of soldiers' barracks are strung along and situated about 20 paces from the separating wall; on the river bank stands the Administration building; the officers' quarters face the soldiers' barracks, about 500 yards away, on the opposite side of the parade ground; the guard house is at the northern end of the quadrangle, about equal distance from the barracks and officers' houses, and in the

northeast corner the hospital and related buildings stand. Further up the line on the northwest, above the barracks are several low, one-story buildings used as quarters for married soldiers and garrison employees. All the buildings are old and sadly in need of repairs. The main gate of the fort is situated back of and between the first and second set of barracks, counting from the Rio Grande, and opens on Elizabeth street, Brownsville. Fifty or 60 feet north of Elizabeth street, and connected with it by Washington street, is Alamo alley, where the notorious riot took place; it is immediately back of the second, or B company quarters. The three companies of the battalion were quartered in the first three buildings, the fourth being unoccupied. At night a sentry was posted near the gate, his beat carrying him back and forth between the barracks and the wall.

The Negroes' Side.

About midnight Aug. 13, 1906, the sentry heard shooting in town, and, as the bullets were flying over the quarters, and, as he believed, in dangerous proximity to him, he sought a place of safety in the front of the barracks and alarmed the guard. Matthias Tamayo, a Mexican employed at the post as a scavenger, was collecting garbage in the rear of B company quarters about the same time, and had a similar experience. He hustled out of the way as quickly as possible, and hid behind the administration building some 300 yards away, the shooting continuing and the bullets whistling over the building.

Maj. Penrose was notified at once, the bugler of the guard blew the call to arms and the troops were turned out, a general roll call made, the gun racks opened, and arms distributed, the impression being that an attack on the garrison was being made. The general roll call showed every man of the garrison present or accounted for, three being in Mexico on leave of absence and some ten in the hospital sick and on duty at the officers quarters.

Shooting in the town continued

while the roll-call was proceeding and men at the hospital stated they heard men galloping toward town north of the fort beyond the fence before the shooting began. When the roll-call was completed about 15 or 20 minutes past midnight, an armed patrol under command of an officer was sent into the town to investigate matters, and the battalion was kept under arms all night.

This is substantially the story told by the battalion and sworn to under oath and fortified by evidence of others not of the regiment.

As Told by Civilians.

The story told by the civilians is that about midnight the town was roused by rifle volleys fired wantonly into the town by soldiers from the second story of their quarters. When the volleys ceased armed men scaled the wall back of B company's quarters, and running up the Alamo alley began firing into the houses and at civilians indiscriminately. Numerous bullets struck the Western Union Telegraph building, the residence of Thomas Yturria, a Mexican trader, the Leahy House, the Miller Hotel and other houses. They went as far as Tillman's saloon, where they shot the bartender, Frank Natus, through the door, and then retreating they fired at the police, who followed them, wounding Lieut. Dominguez and killing his horse, until they came to the Cowan cottage, which they riddled with bullets, knocking over the lamp and smashing the furniture, Mrs. Cowan and her five children escaping death by lying on the floor.

The next morning empty cartridge shells and bandoliers, such as are used in the army, were found scattered about Alamo alley; and the answer of the soldiers to this is that army shells and bandoliers can be secured plentifully at any time, since they are cast away at target practice and gathered up by the boys and men to be sold and bartered for in town. The recent departure of the 26th added to the stock of this stuff as well as to that of cast-off garments and other disjecta membra of the army.

Testimony of Unsworn Witnesses.

A citizens' committee was organized in Brownsville at once to investigate the matter, and much testimony was gathered from unsworn witnesses; yet candor compels the unbiased inquirer to state that, as a whole, this "evidence" was valueless. An examination of the government's own report will satisfy any lawyer or layman of the worthlessness of the testimony submitted.

Grand Jury Finds No Bill.

Later on 12 men were selected from the battalion and arrested on complaints made by Capt. McDonald of the Texas rangers, and they were kept prisoners at San Antonio until the grand jury of Cameron county met. After its inquisition was held and no bill could be found, the prisoners were ordered to be released by Judge Stanley Welch. If the grand jury, with all the resources and evidence of the occurrence at its disposition, could find no case—a grand jury hot to indict some one—it is difficult to see where the war department could get a case against the soldiers. It is worthy of note, as bearing on the character of the population of this same Rio Grande valley, that a few weeks later Judge Welch was murdered in his bed in Rio Grande City, further up the valley from Brownsville.

The Military Inquiry.

A military inquiry was instituted by the inspector-general's department, Maj. Augustus P. Blocksom going to Brownsville and Lieut.-Col. L. A. Lovering and Gen. E. A. Garlington proceeding to Fort Reno, Ok., where the battalion had been transferred. These gentlemen formulated the idea of "a conspiracy of silence" on evidence hardly worth the paper it was written on. Maj. Blocksom worked out a theory of circumstantial evidence from the bullet scars on the buildings and dwelling houses, which led him to back up the charge that the shooting was done mainly from the barracks. The enthusiasm of Maj. Blocksom

does not impress me as judicial, and from a personal inspection of the scene of the riot I cannot agree with his conclusions, which appear to me obviously unwarranted. To my mind, the "conspiracy silence" theory is as unjust as it is baseless. It is psychologically improbable and contrary to ordinary human experience that 160 men will conspire and carry out a crime without leakage; and we cannot believe it in this case unless we are ready to concede that the Negro is made of sterner material than the Caucasian and imbued with a more unflinching loyalty.

Gen. A. B. Nettleton of Illinois, whose "open letter" on this matter has been mentioned by the President, has added nothing to the government's case. It contains nothing more impressive than the current gossip of the town; he did not inspect the Cowan cottage until days after his letter was published, and he did not go to Brownsville until November, two months after the affair, and then only to dicker in real estate, and not, as some people believe, to investigate the affair for the benefit of the nation. Gen. Nettleton, in fact, merely butted in and got some free advertising; only that.

An Ordinary Frontier Row.

My own theory of the trouble is that it was an ordinary frontier town row between two or three resolute Negroes and some of the tough element of the town, growing out of an attempt to close up the soldiers' saloon. In this case the civilians got the worst of the affray, and the story of a soldiers' raid and outrage was an afterthought to cover up crime and defeat. The evidence is positive that no government arms were used, yet arms and ammunition are easily secured in Brownsville. Threats were made to shoot up the saloon and drive its owner out of business, and I assume, knowing something of the Negro soldier, serving and discharged, that preparations were made to receive the visitors when they should come.

To assume that any or all of the soldiers of the garrison were cogniz-

ant of the affair at any stage of its tragic length is as reasonable as to accuse the reputable citizens of Brownsville of being in sympathy and partnership with the detrimentals who insulted and assaulted soldiers. To the good citizen belongs the arduous task of defending and sustaining what good name Brownsville may have.

There is little doubt that had the men been kept in the service, if any guilty men were among them, they would be known in time. One pay day, with its carousing and quarrelling, would do that, but it is too late now.

Unworthy of Credence.

The integral error, to my mind, of the whole unhappy incident lies in the military assumption that the unsworn testimony, the gossip and hearsay of Brownsville, is to be accepted as conclusive evidence of the guilt of the Negroes, and that the sworn denials of knowledge of complicity in the affair submitted by the soldiers is unworthy of credence. This attitude is neither judicial nor just, and it is repugnant to our national sense of fair play. Moreover, the verdict of

a hostile grand jury is worth considering.

In speaking with Mayor Combe, his brother, Dr. Combe, and Dominguez the police lieutenant, who was shot and lost a hand, I will say firmly I was not impressed by their speech or attitude; they seemed to me to lack candor, to be disingenuous. Dominguez has been in many street rows in Brownsville; he has shot and been shot in the past and yet they tried to convince me that in this fight with the rioters or ralders that August night, he did not fire a shot. His left hand is his pistol hand and it is still intact.

The taking of additional testimony now in Texas by Mr. Roosevelt's attorney, Mr. Purdy, is not calculated to do much good. Public opinion is crystalized into a verdict of guilty in Brownsville against the Negroes; time in such cases gives body to the vague, and by this time witnesses will know positively what three months ago they merely guessed. This phenomenon is not new, it is a strange feature of human nature.

The public awaits the senatorial hearing with interested anticipation.

A SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

I am much joyed to be a part of this auspicious company,
Gathered and met with one accord and purpose,
In proof and token of the friendship that we bear
Toward two friends—a married pair.

This night we'll celebrate the period they have reached in mated life;
From wooden, tin, crystal and china, to their silver 'versary,
Full five and twenty years—a fourth part of a century
Have these two been to other—husband, wife.

Let's fill their hearts so full of mirth and cheer
As to run o'er and tend them many a year;
Generous, unstinted let our greetings be.
Befitting to this rare festivity.

No common happening this, quite rare, just here and there
To find two travellers who have gone so long and yet are pressing on;
No altered step, no broken calendar, no blurred page,
Like to a perfect chain, their wedded life—not one link gone.

Strewn on the shore of matrimonial life are many a wreck
 Of bark scarce from their moorings loosed, barely out at sea;
 They started fair, their course seemed clear,
 But soon they came to grief—they struck a dangerous reef.



MR. DAVID C. BECKFORD

At the Silver Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs
 David C. Beckford, 68½ Mass. Ave., Dr. Thos
 W. Patrick read in a most dramatic manner this
 poem:

They had no strength, and if of strength they had
 It was divided strength, weaker than open weakness.
 'Tis like a country that's engaged in war,
 While in itself there's turmoil, treason, strife,
 An easy prey for any enemy.

Right in our view, one of the few,
 Not shipwrecked yet, and won't, you bet,
 Because they're valiant, strong and true,
 They'll stem the tide and onward glide until the voyage end.

A striking object lesson for the new, unseasoned craft,
 To learn what course to follow, to learn what course to shun,
 Know of the ports of safety, find out where danger lies,
 Get what has been their bearings, ask what's their time o'night.

What is the secret of their wedded bliss?
What pilot steers them on their course?
What compass keeps them right?
What beacon gives them shining light?
What hand points out the way?

Love—that's the answer, O most wondrous love!
Of Love, thus spake the great apostle, sainted Paul;
Wealth, knowledge, station, the gift of prophecy and even faith itself
Is less than Love; Love's high above them all.

Love's kind; Love envieth not; Love's not puffed up; Love thinketh not of self;

Love suffereth long, behaves with dignity, not easily provoked.
Love doubteth not, and thinketh of no ill,
Love never falleth, though all else may fail.
Love never ceaseth, though all else may cease.
Love is eternal; for e'en death itself can ne'er destroy the life of Love.

Love—greatest of all magicians, that can change
The barren desert into rich and fertile soil.
Love knows no custom, boundary, race or creed,
Love has no earth-made laws, its laws are made in heaven.

I cannot weigh the quality and attribute of Love with other thing,
It is unfair to make comparison 'twixt giant's strength and infant's helpless state,
Much more unfair 'twould be to measure Love with aught but Love,
Love's by itself, it has no peer, it's far beyond compare,
The greatest thing in all the earth, the sea, or sky—for God is Love.

Before I take my leave of this grand pair,
Friends, join with me in this my heart-felt prayer:
Long may their lives endure and youthful be,
That they may see their golden jubilee,
May peace, joy, plenty, tend them every day,
The star of Love to guide them all the way.

Thomas W. Patrick.



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